Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my ſelfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke deſpaire againſt my ſelfe,
And to my ſelfe become an enemie.
Dut. What meanes this ſceane of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your ſonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the ſap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our ſwift winged ſoules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient ſubiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall reſt.
Dut. Ah, ſo much intereſt haue I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely ſemblance,
Are crakt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one falſe glaſſe,
Which greeues me when I ſee my ſhame in him,
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath ſnatcht my children from mine armes,
And plukt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and *Clarence*, O what cauſe haue I
Then, being but motitie of my ſelfe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?
Boy. Good Aunt, you weept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?
Gerl. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewiſe be vnwept.
Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. *Edward*,

Ambo.

Ambo. Oh for our father, fo
Dut. Alas for both, both mi
Qu. What ſtay had I but *E*
Ambo. What ſtay had we bu
Dut. What ſtay had I but t
Qu. Was neuer widow, hac
Ambo. Was euer Orhpanes
Dut. Was euer mother had
Alas, I am the mother of theſ
Their woes are parceld, mine
She for *Edward* weepes, and ſo
I for a *Clarence* weepe, ſo doth
Theſe babes for *Clarence* wee
I for an *Edward* weepe, and ſo
Alas, you three on me three-f
Powre all your teares, I am y
And I will pamper it with lam
Glo. Madame haue comfor
To waile the dimming of our
But none can cure their harm
Madame my mother, I doe cr
I did not ſee your Grace, hum
I craue you bleſſing.
Dut. God bleſſe thee, and p
Loue, charitie, obedience, an
Glo. Amen, make me die a g
Thats the butt end of my mo
I marueil why her grace did
Buck. You cloudy Princes
That beare this mutuall heau
Now cheare each other, in ea
Though we haue ſpent our h
We are to reape the harueſt
The broken rancour of you
But lately ſplinted, knit, and i
Muſt greatly be preſeru'd, ch
Me ſeemeth good that with ſ
Forthwith from Ludlow the
Hither to London, to be cro

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